

## **Screw You, Harrington by PrizJefra**

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**Summary:** Never has Steve Harrington ever been gay...right? A purely smutty fic in which Billy finds Steve drunk, horny, and alone at a fourth of July party. Graphic depictions of non-romantic sex and questionable themes of consent.

## **Screw You, Harrington**

The most exciting thing about Tammi Harrison's fourth of July party was the fact that Emma Stokes was wearing a pink Victoria's Secret push up bra under a white shirt. That, and the rumour that the school's 'bad kids' were doing drugs in the upstairs bathroom. But only one of these things interested Steve Harrington. For the better half of the party he had weaved his way in and out of heavily made up teenage girls and their jockish counterparts in an attempt to woo Emma with (what he thought was) charming poetry but to no avail. The most that he had gotten was a smirk from her and a glimpse at the tin foil wrappers and tissues lining the inner fabric of her bra.

"Small town news, Emma Stokes is a stuffer." He took a long pull from his beer bottle then handed it over to Addison Cleary who promptly finished the rest.

"And Billy Hargrove's a huffer," responded the nineteen year old theatre clerk with arms the size of baby pigs and bad acne to match.

"No way, that B-roll beach bro is here?"

"I'd be surprised if he wasn't. Hey, you hook up with any girls yet?"

"Linda-"

Right at that moment a young woman with shiny braids and a short plaid skirt walked by and tossed Harrington a dirty look. An awkward smile tightened across his lips and he waited for her to pass before continuing his sentence, "-looks very nice in plaid. Really nice. Man, this party blows."

"Uh, right." Cleary mumbled. An explosion of sound came suddenly from the living room couch where a young man had succeeded in stuffing one hundred cigarettes in his mouth. Steve watched as the young pioneer's cheeks grew slack in fear as someone approached him with a lighter and proceeded to try and light all one hundred cigarettes. He was reminded of a movie that he had seen in the theatre with lucky date number six (what was her name?) where the protagonist, a young man close to his own age, had attended a big

city party. He didn't really remember the plot but he did remember the implicit orgy scene and how the quick, pg-13 flashes of clothes being removed and strangers' lips locking had gotten him so hot that he had taken the girl home and did her then and there in front of her parent's fireplace. Heat flushed his lower belly and he squirmed uncomfortably, praying that the feeling in his pants would subside so that he wouldn't be the loser at a boring party getting turned on by the memory of a five second maybe-sex scene.

"...you dumb, deaf, or dead..."

"What?" His vision snapped back into focus and he looked at Addison who had somehow produced two more bottles of beer during his reverie.

"I said, 'Emma just invited you to play Never Have I Ever and you just stared at her like some creep. Are you dumb, deaf, or dead?'"

"Oh, shi-...dude!" Steve pushed himself away from the wall just in time to see Emma Stokes's narrow behind ascend the staircase. She was giving him the 'come hither look' over her shoulder and he'd be damned if he didn't comply. It took him less than a few seconds to down the entire bottle of beer - a mistake that he would regret later - and hand the empty bottle off to Cleary who was either still chastising him or egging him on by the animated expressions on his face. This was his chance to *get some*. He shoved his way through the crowd and took the stairs two by two until he reached the upper hallway where more bored teenagers were hanging around drinking beer. There was laughter coming from the open doorway at the end of the hall and he sprinted, and inevitably tumbled, into the room.

"Ten outta ten for the Harrington grand entrance!" He exclaimed as he jumped up with both fists held aloft in the air. Emma Stokes looked up at him with a crooked smile and passed a shot glass to the girl sitting next to her.

"You ready to spill your guts or kill your guts, Harrington?" She asked as she poured vodka into a waiting glass.

"Uh, both actually." He took a seat next to a kid from his history class and accepted a shot glass. "Vodka?"

"Leftovers from daddy's promotion party." She handed the last person a shot glass and slid the heavy bottle to the middle of their circle. "Okay so we all know the rules. Someone will say 'never have I ever' and then say something that they've never done. Then if you've done it, take a shot. If you haven't then you're a doofus who probably has no life. Whoever's the drunkest at the end is officially crowned the Craziest, most experienced mamma-jamma of the party."

....Steve was drunk by the second round.

By the fourth he couldn't keep his eyes focused on anything in the room for more than three seconds.

"Never have I ever rode on top of a moving car."

"Never have I ever called Ms. Crackle Ms. *Quackle* during third period."

"Never have I ever made out in the supply closet and got caught by the janitor."

He was too drunk to realize that they all knew bits and pieces of his life and were using it against him. He didn't even recognize that he had taken a shot to every question asked nor did he catch on to the fact that both Emma Stokes and Tammi Harrison kept looking at him and grinning conspiratorially at each other. He was too busy preparing himself to dare Emma to take off her shirt and make out with him. The room was buzzing and tilting, the lights were beginning to merge with people's faces. And Emma's skin just looked so soft and supple. That warm feeling filled his belly again. He was going to do it. He would dare her to turn freaky with him right then, right there so he took a shot in anticipation.

Then the room fell silent.

Everybody was staring at him.

He straightened up out of his seat and looked around at them through squinted eyes. "What?"

There was more silence and then, "Oh. My. God. Harrison!"

"What? What did I do?"

"You took a shot!"

"Yeah, that's what you do at a party as boring as this o-" It was then that he remembered that he was playing Never Have I Ever and him taking a shot had implicated him in some way in response to somebody else's question.

"So what happened?" Emma was looking at him with a smile that didn't fully reach her eyes. Her forehead was damp and the fabric of her shirt clung to the outline of her breasts. "You have to tell us. It's part of the rules."

"Tell you...what?"

"What happened when you hooked up with a guy."

Two things happened then. One, Steve realized that, by Emma doing the Never Have I Ever and him taking the shot, she had been outed as a possible lesbian and he had admitted to one of his most cutting secrets.

"Come on, it..." he was drunk and struggling with his words. There was no time to compose himself, no possible way to extract himself from the heat of the moment and everybody's gaze. He barely noticed Chaney Silverman stand up and scurry from the room. "It was a long time ago, okay? It was a mistake, just a little thing between friends. Never happened again. I like girls, I like *you*, Emma!"

Everybody was laughing and he was fast sinking into a pit of confusion. For a moment he couldn't remember where he was or why he was doing what he was doing. All he knew was that he was trying to get into a girl's pants and it had gone terribly wrong.

"I gotta go."

He bolted up and in his haste sent the vodka bottle spinning across the room, much to the dismay of the group. While they were busy scrambling around the now wet floor he made a run for the door and down the staircase.

"Hey, Harrington!"

He pushed past whoever was calling him and aimed for the backyard porch where there were less people, less music, and clearer air. The people inside were laughing but at him or a now past out cigarette dude, he couldn't tell.

The air outside was mercifully cool on his skin and much more sobering. He exhaled deeply and lumbered down the porch steps onto the manicured lawn. The Harrison's backyard was renowned for its size and thick-trunk olive trees and it was under these that he finally stopped.

"Fuck. Damn it!" He let his back rest against the cool tree trunk and ran his fingers through his hair. He turned around and unleashed a flurry of kicks against the old wood. Already he had forgotten what it was that had brought him there but there were other things beginning to plague his mind. Like Emma in her pink underwear reaching for another girl. Linda, in her plaid skirt, bending over to pick up a pencil in History class. And Benji...

Benji with his face full of freckles, his broad chest and long limbs. Benji in his room showing off his biceps, Benji running the towel along his chest and neck, Benji looking at him as he moved in closer, their bodies responsive and emanating heat and chlorine...

He wondered where Benji was just then. On a plane, no doubt, being carted between football fields, fast asleep with a pillow around his neck and a cassette player in his lap (the cassette player that Steve had loaned him and he had never given back.) He wondered if Benji even thought of him anymore and what it would be like if he was there with him, then, beneath the olive trees. It was fag shit, but...

Steve closed his eyes and let his hands find his pants zipper. Between thoughts of Emma and Benji and maybe them both, the alcohol rushing through him and the dark seclusion of the grove he couldn't resist a little taste of the excitement that he was missing out on. Soon his hand was wet with spit, his cock hard, and the first few strokes were like magic until the sound of something splattering on the leaves to his right brought him crashing back to reality. The smell of cigarette smoke filled the air and he instinctively knew without

looking who had come.

"Shit-" he stuffed his cock back in his pants and quickly rubbed the palms of his hands against his jeans. "Come to catch a glimpse, Billy, or what?"

Laughter. A belt buckle jangled then was followed by the electric sound of a zipper being snapped into place. When he turned, Billy was walking towards him, a lit cigarette in hand. The ground beneath his feet was darkened with piss. Billy's tongue rolled slowly around his lips. "Thought I'd come out here and show you how a real man takes a piss." Billy paused, staring at him. "But you'd like that, wouldn't you?"

"And what the fuck does that mean?"

"Well there must be a reason why you're out here instead of where the bitches are. What were you doing, jacking your pathetic little cock?"

"Screw you, asshole."

Steve turned around and was about to walk back to the porch when a strong hand landed on his shoulder. When Billy spoke his breath was hot on his neck, his body mere inches from Steve's back and he was reminded of Benji. Benji bent over him in the moonlight spilling from the window, Benji's studded breath in his ear...

"So that's what helps you get off?" Billy whispered. "You thinking of me screwing you?"

"I ain't no fag, alright?" Steve spun around to shove him but Billy was quicker. He grabbed Steve by the wrists and pushed him against tree, locking both their arms between them.

"Suck it," he said simply. Steve glared at him, waiting for the man to make a next move but Billy was silent, staring back at him with unblinking eyes. He smelled like hair gel and cigarettes, sickly-sweet alcohol and cheap drugstore cologne. He was so close that Steve could see a hickey that had begun to bloom on his lower neck. His eyes lingered there for a moment as he envisioned Billy with Linda,

Emma, all the girls that he, Steve, had wanted but were too busy fawning over Billy. The thought enraged him and he wished more than ever for Billy to throw the first punch so that he'd have a reason to whoop his ass. But then, in the stillness of the moment, his eyes traveled quickly from the hickey on his neck to his gleaming chest exposed between the lost buttons of his shirt, then back up to his face where his lips remained parted over ragged breaths.

"You serious?" Steve said. Billy was quiet. "Holy shit, dude. I already told you I ain't a fag but you...? I guess I should have known."

Billy laughed and gave Steve's wrist a shake. "I already gave half of the bitches in the town a taste. Why leave out the main one?"

It was a moment that Steve would question but never quite understand. One minute he was tearing at Billy, attempting to rip flesh, hair, clothes, that smug look, anything from Billy's body. And then in the next, after the punch that landed in his stomach and the swift backhand to his jaw, his fingers were in Billy's hair and his lips were on Billy's. He hadn't meant to but something primal had been unleashed in him and he wanted to dominate the new Hawkin's king in any way that he could. So he held him there and kissed him and Billy kissed back with laughter rumbling low in his throat. When Steve pulled away Billy was still laughing and staring at him over the tip of his nose.

"Harrington!"

Embarrassed now and blinded by rage, Steve rushed at him again but Billy caught him by the waist and speared him into the tree. All of his breath escaped him at once and before he could get a proper grip on his shoulder, Billy had spun him around and forced him to his knees.

"Silverman said you liked to get hot with boys. Said he learned a whole lot about you in that little Never Have I Ever game you kids play."

Silverman. Fucking Silverman. Steve vaguely remembered the greasy-haired devil slipping out of the room while he was drunkenly trying to explain his liaison with Benji to the rest of the group. Of course he had ratted to Billy. The boy was a renowned tattler. He could hear



Billy panting above him, he could hear the sound of a belt being unbuckled and a zipper being pulled again. He wanted to ask Billy what the fuck he thought he was doing but he knew exactly what was going on. He knew by the way that Billy held his wrist behind his back and the deftness of his movement that he was going to fuck him. The thought filled him with adrenaline and then anticipation. Because, in that moment, Steve wanted him to do it. After a night of no pussy, too much alcohol, and wet memories he needed to feel something other than boredom and pointless energy. Perhaps annoyed by his silence, Billy ground Steve's cheek into the mulch then yanked his pants down, exposing Steve's ass to the cold night air. But Steve needed to say something, anything for his ego so he spat the dirt out of his mouth and grumbled, "I ain't a fag."

Billy grunted, or maybe he laughed, then suddenly the head of his cock was pushing against Steve's asshole. Steve hissed and squeezed his eyes shut and Billy tried to force himself inside again but to no avail. He paused and the grip on Steve's wrists temporarily loosened as Billy spit in his palm and then the space between them. Steve knew without looking that Billy was above average. At first it was just town gossip but then, in the showers, Steve had caught steam-ridden glimpses of the man's pride and joy. Billy cursed, pushed again from a different angle and this time he slid in so effortlessly that it took them both by surprise. Steve cringed, bit his lip, closed his eyes, curled his fingers in the dirt as Billy moved inside of him with quick, jerky movements. There was no passionate rhythm to the way that Billy moved, no attention to detail or expertise, but the sense of fulfillment was so overwhelming that nothing mattered anymore to Steve. He could see nothing, hear nothing, feel nothing except for Billy's slick shaft and head hitting all the right spots inside of him, freeing his cock from its constraints and forcing his body to break out in a cold sweat.

Billy shifted and let a deep, guttural sound of satisfaction escape from his throat. He was getting close, for the new angle was working wonders on both their bodies. Steve reached down and began play with his own cock. Billy was going faster now, gripping his wrists tighter, and Steve knew that he didn't have a lot of time left so began to pump his own cock mercilessly, forcing himself closer and closer to the edge until Billy's breath hitched and his body went taut. White-

hot heat flushed through Steve's body and when he moved his hand away from his cock it was sticky and warm.

"Fuck." Billy let go of his wrists and placed a hand on Steve's shoulder. He was laughing again as Steve, still experiencing post-orgasm shivers, let his forehead drop onto the ground. Billy patted his shoulder, stood up, and began to adjust his belt buckle for the third time that night. The smell of cigarette smoke hit Steve's nose, followed by the staticky sound of Billy's first drag. Steve looked up just in time to see Billy watching him and exhaling wispy white smoke into the night.

"Screw you, Harrington."

"Yeah, screw you, Hargrove."

Back at the party Steve found an empty spot on the couch in the corner and slid into it with a groan. He wanted to go home but couldn't bear the thought of having to face his parents. Not after what had just happened. He thought he could still feel Billy inside of him. His body twitched and throbbed in places that embarrassed him but it was fine. Nobody else knew. A part of him wanted to bask in the feeling forever and yet there was another part that felt enraged, or, dare he think it, violated.

He sunk deeper into the cushions and stretched his legs before him. What a feeling, he thought as he watched the party life revolve around him, what a strange, strange feeling having another man inside of you. Even then he swore to himself that he wasn't gay. Nuh-uh. Nope. No way. *Nada*. He liked girls. Obviously.

He heard Billy somewhere in the kitchen. He glanced over his shoulder and saw him downing the rest of the vodka from the Never Have I Ever group while a flushed-face Emma cheered him on. When his cheeks were full he pursed his lips and sprayed the entire contents of the bottle onto the group surrounding him. For a brief second, as vodka dribbled from Billy's lips and dampened his shirt, their eyes met and betrayed nothing but passive recognition. Steve quickly turned around and tried to focus on nothing in general. So that was it. The end of another confusing moment, a chapter closed to be replaced by a new one in the history of their disdain.

And honestly, Steve didn't know how he felt about that.